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HENNE, A PRISONER IN THE CAMP.

THE REFUGEES OF THE BLACK FOREST.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

THE portress, a tall woman in the dress of a Carmelite nun, with a rosary and crucifix hanging on
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one side, and a bunch of massive keys at the other, conducted them through a wide arched passage and another iron gate, across a court, and into a great hall, where some young women were engaged in culinary preparations; and where two

others, of more advanced age, in the Carmelite garb, sat apparently as overseers. To their charge the prior committed his female companions with a sign, and passed on. The outside of the house was emblazoned with the pains of purgatory in all their varieties, and the inside was devoted to the visions of Saint Theresa, interspersed with sundry martyrdoms. There was a virgin with a lamp before her in every corner. The dormitories were furnished like convent cells. Three confessors, for the different grades of inhabitants, were kept within the walls, besides several penitential chambers and a chapel in which mass was said daily. Its mistress, Senora Theresa Angelica Augustina de Gonzaga, was one of the best born and wealthiest chateaines in Savoy. Fifty years before she had flourished as a beauty at the court of Turin; gaiety, scandals, two weddings, and a divorce by papal dispensation, comprehended her after history; but her last spouse, the late marquis, had left her immensely rich at his death, and being then sixty-five, the marchioness turned to what she called devotion.

It can scarcely be doubted that one of the chief causes of Romish power is the ingenuity to create business and confer importance. The self-importance of its meanest instrument is flattered by some real or imaginary office. How much more the wealthy marchioness dowager! She was promoted by regular gradation to be superior of lay Carmelite sisters, coadjutrix of the confraternity of the Holy Heart, and chief of the female council of the Propaganda in Piedmont. The priests said she was devout, and the marchioness was certainly busy. There was no manœuvre that ever Rome devised for occupying or enslaving minds of which her house was not the theatre. Her upper servants were all Carmelites, her inferior ones Scapularians. She kept a workroom in constant occupation for the embroidering of vestments, a manufactory of incense, and altar-candle making; but her chief business was the conversion of heretics. Under that idea she had fixed her fancy on the Constant family, and the people at the Shepherd's-rest generally, as reported of by father Bernardo. That skilful confessor had, moreover, some cause to believe in Renee's story of Louisin, and saw the propriety of getting her into the power of his patroness as a check on the Castellan.

The covetousness which led Robert Bazzano* to denounce his sister-in-law to the Inquisition, some seventeen years before, made him also expect some of the Vaudois lands confiscated at the time of the massacre; but his services to the church were not considered worthy of such rewards, and many claimants for the spoil appeared. Bazzano waited quietly till Gianavello and the people of the Pra had completely worsted Pienaza's army, and then he withdrew from his own poor lands and scantily furnished fortalice with all his valuables and most trusty retainers, having previously sent his childless wife, concerning whose safety he was known not to be particular, on a visit to his grandmother, and gave out that perhaps he might become a Protestant. Negotiations had been opened with him at his retreat in Pinorola, where sundry discontented chiefs of the same spirit rallied round the Castellan; but as yet, no sufficiently large bribe

having been offered, Bazzano held out stoutly, and it was hoped that the discovery of the young heiress would bring him to terms.

In the mean time the conversion was to go on. The Constants, not understanding the system of signals employed in that household, were somewhat surprised at the kindness with which the dames received them, and the tone of respectful reverence they assumed to Louisin. Little time was allowed them to wonder till a still grander Carmelite appeared, saying she would have the honour of conducting the Senora Bazzano to the marchioness. With a look of surprise at Renee, Louisin followed, or rather was marshalled, up a broad stone staircase, through a long picture gallery, into the embroidering chamber, where the marchioness sat on a species of throne—a stately old lady, looking as if she wished to appear very benevolent, though there was something hard about her eyes. She was clad in the full fashion of Carmelitism; but her gown was of gay velvet, her veil of the richest lace, and a golden rosary with diamond decades, and a crucifix blazing with jewels, hung from her neck almost to the ground. The pomp and vanities of the church had, it was to be feared, succeeded those of the world. The room was hung with tapestry, representing the temptations of one of the saints of the church. Down either side sat a row of young girls with embroidering frames before them, and an elderly lady with a gold-clasped missal in her hand commanding each line; but alone in a corner, like one in disgrace, sat Eglantine Rosa, much thinner and paler than when Louisin saw her last, and working hard at a little frame of her own.

The marchioness received a sudden surprise as the young girl, whom she called "her dear grand-niece," entered, and threw out some well-timed compliments. "Such beauty! such grace!" she exclaimed as she kissed Louisin's forehead, deplored her misfortune in having been left so long among peasants, and predicted the sensation she must create at the court of Turin when dressed and presented as became her rank. Louisin began to fear for the old lady's reason; but in the midst of her raptures the clang of a deep bell sounded through the mansion, at which all the workers rose and prepared to follow their mistress, who caught Louisin by the hand and led her most affectionately through the gallery, down the stairs, and across the court to the family chapel. Tapers were burning on the altar, which shone with a blaze of gold and silver. The Virgin in full life-size was there, and Louisin paused at the door.

"Come, my dear," said the marchioness; "we are going to mass."

"But I am a Vaudois, madame, and I cannot worship a wafer," said Louisin, drawing her hand determinedly away. The doors were hastily shut, and Louisin searched the court, hall, and passages in vain for Renee. The mass was soon over, and the household returned in solemn order to their stations, but Louisin was once more summoned before the marchioness. The benevolent look was now gone; her "dear grand-niece" was saluted with threats, and ordered, by way of punishment, to carry wood from the dowager's store to the convent of the Holy Manger, all day, among the lowest of the out-door retainers, and sleep on straw in the

* See Chap. 1.

cellar at night.* This stage of degradation lasted for days. The wood was heavy, the cellar cold, and the men and boys among whom she worked used to mock and call her heretic; but what Louisin thought worst was, that she could see no trace of Renee, and none of the servants would give her the least information.

It was at noon on the seventh day, when Louisin was toiling with a heavier burden than usual, though her companions in work were nowhere to be seen, for the dinner hour was not yet passed, and there was quiet in street and lane of Susa. Her attention was attracted to the church of "Our Lady the Sorrowful" by a woman standing at its door in the fashion of Roman catholic penance, with a large sheet wrapped about her and a taper in her hand. These were unmistakeable signs of a woman's disgrace, but as the poor creature looked up at her approach, the burden of wood was flung down, and Louisin's arms were about her long-lost sister.

"Claire! Claire! why did you go away? Is this the manner in which we meet? How long we looked for you and thought you would come back," cried the young girl, while great tears fell fast upon the sheet of penance.

"Dear Louisin," said Claire, returning that kindly clasp, "have you also come into this place of bondage?"

Louisin saw that she was thin and pale, but there was a serious earnestness now in her look that had not been seen in Claire's happier days, and she stood in that garb of shame like one who felt it brought her no dishonour. Claire's story illustrated another phase of that many-sided system of iniquity with which her people had to contend. The agents of the Propaganda, with the surface penetration common to such instruments, had early observed the alloy of weakness and vanity that overlaid her youth. On these they wrought by a tale regarding a rich and benevolent lady, who, having once seen, had taken a deep interest in Claire, and would give her money and all sorts of relief for the family if she would only visit her secretly. With this story they enticed the credulous girl to accompany them to the edifice known as the Inn of Virtue in Lucerna, at whose gates Gueslin Rosa had so anxiously inquired. These houses were erected by the Propaganda for the special purpose of seducing Vaudois girls and children into the profession of Romanism. The discipline was conventual, but all the vanities of the world were presented to their minds, and all its goods promised as the price of apostacy. Praises of her beauty, offers of fine clothes, and promises of help to her family were not spared on Claire Constant; with alternations of confinement in penitential cells, hard labour, and threats of the Inquisition.

The Propagandist agents had not calculated on the pure affections and sterling principle which these peculiar trials under preserving grace only served to purify. Claire remained firm, and her protestant piety was so shocked by the ceremonies she was obliged to witness, that the martyr spirit

of her people rose within the young Vaudois. The last and grandest temptation, namely, a great match, was at length tried. She was sent under a strong escort to the establishment in Susa, where eligible men were permitted to visit at the abbey's parlour grate, through which they might converse or make proposals, the society being bound to suitably endow all chosen girls who became Catholics. Among other visitors, who had come with some gay companions to the convent grate, was the Count Saint Denis, the captain of the halberdiers, and he, with all the recklessness of the military men of his day, had formed, or pretended to form, a romantic attachment to the young peasant girl. It was the knowledge of her place of confinement that had given him the troubled look, when the mysterious disappearance of their sister was mentioned to him by the Constants after his rescue from the precipice.*

The bribe, however, did not dazzle Claire. She remained true to her early faith; and the abbess, saying that Saint Clara herself would perhaps deign to enlighten her in time, took no further measures than to set a strict watch on the girl, and occasionally inform her that her dowry would be fifteen hundred golden crowns.† The captain of halberdiers understood Claire's resolution as little as her persecutors, and he retired indignant; but, vain and worldly-minded as he was, the count came back to tell her, as she stood alone at the grate on the previous evening, how her sisters were in the hands of their enemies, and how he would try to save them for her sake. This gave occasion for a yet untried form of persecution. For the scandal which it was alleged she had brought on the Inn of Virtue by talking with the captain, Claire was condemned to perform public penance, the tempters hoping that shame might effect what neither bribe nor fear had hitherto done. In this they had been disappointed; but there was evidently a watch upon Claire, and half her tale had not been told, when, out of the convent of the Holy Manger, the front of which formed that notable inn, there rushed two coarse-looking women, who threw themselves upon the sisters, driving away Louisin and dragging Claire from the shadow of the porch to the place of penance, where they stood over her as sentinels.

When Louisin returned for another burden of wood she was seized by the portress, led into the court, pushed down a winding stair, which was closed with an iron grate, and hurried through a long narrow passage, at the end of which a door opened on the lowest cellar, rough and dark as a cave. Into it Louisin was almost thrown, and the door locked upon her. For some time she thought the atmosphere of the place would suffocate her: it was heavy with a damp earthy smell, for the walls and floor were composed only of the gravelly soil on which the town stood, and some great pieces of native rock supported the roof. There was no light at all, and it cost the young girl a considerable search to ascertain the dimensions of her prison. It was large, and seemed full of corners.

* See Chapter iv.

† Those who have read the various artifices by which Protestants and young females in France were seduced from their faith, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, will not consider this picture overcharged.

* It has been the writer's desire to represent nothing which could not be justified by history and fact. Instances could be adduced in which harsh treatment, like that named in the text, has been practised in convents.

She had never been in such a place before, and, with a dejected spirit, she sat down upon a rude projection of the rock that rose above the floor. Where human aid fails, however, there is one resource left, and that is prayer. Louisin did pray, and that earnestly, for herself and her companions in captivity, and her mind was gradually composed. No sound, no step reached her ear in her prison. She could not tell the time, but it seemed wondrous long; and, gathering her poor gown about her, at length she fell asleep.

Louisin awoke hungry and cold, and the tales she had heard of martyrs who were starved in prison rose on her memory. Somehow that thought gave her courage against the darkness; her eye had grown in some degree accustomed to it, and she began to explore her prison in good earnest. Louisin did not know that the old cellar extended far beyond the dowager's house, and opened at one corner on the remnants of an ancient aqueduct. If her keepers guessed aught of this, they had not calculated on the spirit and enterprise of the mountain girl. The marchioness's object was to strike her with an abiding terror that might make her yield to her views; but Louisin felt glad of heart when she stumbled on the long low stone passage where water had not flowed for ages. It might be an outlet, and she crept on. There was not room to walk upright; but sounds seemed to reach her, and, quickening her pace, she at length struck her head against an iron grate.

"Who is there?" said a voice from below. It was that of pastor Joseph.

"Let me out, dear uncle," cried Louisin eagerly; "or tell me where you are."

"Oh, my poor child!" said the pastor, when he had recognised her voice; "where did you come from?" But Louisin was shaking at the bars with all her might. They would not move for some time, but she shook on, till the lime and stones at length began to fall from about the old grate, and, loosening one of the bars, Louisin squeezed through and fell to the stone floor below. All was dark there also, but she could feel the walls about her: it was a narrow cell.

"Are you hurt, my child? I cannot help you, for they have chained my hands and feet," said uncle Joseph; "and this is the *oubliette* of the Inquisition."

"Well, uncle," said Louisin, "perhaps they mean to starve us both. I will always creep back to the cellar and see if they bring any food. God will not forsake us!"

"Oh, my child!" cried the pastor, bursting into tears, for the thought of her suffering overcame him; but he knew not the strength of love and faith that lay in that young heart. Softly Louisin crept to his side in the darkness, laid his head upon her knees, smoothed down the hair that so many storms had tossed, and wiped away the tears with her thin hands. Still they flowed, but it was for Louisin. The martyr could have died there himself. He had expected nothing better, knowing well the *animus* of the brotherhood he had left for more than twenty years. His shining talents and exemplary life, which won the regard of even the Roman catholics, had made the brotherhood anxious to regain him; but when, after his introduction by the jesuit coadjutor, as explained in our

last chapter, threats and promises alike failed, the brethren, who had at first rejoiced and wept over him, committed pastor Joseph to the dungeon of forgotten men under the holy office.

While the instruments of Rome thus wreaked their wrath on one half of the Constant family, Renee did not escape persecution. The women in whose charge Louisin left her talked in a friendly manner till the great bell rang, and then requested her company to mass. "No," said Renee, "I am a Vaudois, and will never engage in a worship which I do not believe." Continuing to persist in her refusal, Renee was led down a narrow stair, through a dingy corridor with a row of penitential cells on either side, into the farthest of which she was pushed and the grated door fast locked. The place had little light and no furniture, except a straw bed and a crucifix. Here every day a sister of mercy brought her a jug of water and a coarse loaf. Renee had much to think of and pray for—Humbert, Gueslin, pastor Joseph, and Louisin. Sometimes she blamed herself for having told the long-kept secret; might not the temptations of rank and wealth be too strong for the girl? But at length she felt that she could commit that cause to God also, though her thoughts wandered sadly to her brother Victor and the Pra.

Meanwhile, attacks on the Vaudois quarters had been renewed day by day, but their leader took his measures well. Mancini's utmost efforts could not prevent his junction with Gianavello, and the count at length received intelligence that the Roman catholic peasantry, wearied out with their share of the war, were arming in order to join the Provençals and drive the troops from the valleys; while the discontented seigneurs, under Bazzano, were in full march from Pinorola. The wicked instrument of the Propaganda had, nevertheless, a plan of division and conquest.

Renee was kneeling in prayer on the eighth evening of her imprisonment, when her door was unlocked, and she was told there were people in the court who wished to see her. Renee followed, and to her surprise found a company of soldiers drawn up. The moment she appeared, her hands were rudely bound with a strong rope, one end of which was held by an halberdier, and thus she was escorted through the streets of the city, thinking, as well as her agitated feelings would allow her, of One who had been led as a lamb to the slaughter. They conducted her out of the town and into the midst of the camp. There was a great block there with a ring in it, to which the soldiers were accustomed to fasten their horses; to this the rope was tied. She had expected to be jeered at, but the soldiers stood aloof and looked seriously on her. After some little time had elapsed she heard herself called by name, and, turning, she saw Captain Saint Denis at her side.

"Listen to me, girl," he said; "I have not forgotten your past kindness, and I can save your life in spite of Mancini if you only say you will turn. Do, I entreat you! Your sister Claire is well, and you may be happy with her. Brother Ignatius told me also, this morning, that pastor Joseph was getting convinced, and —"

"I do not believe it, captain," said Renee. "When did a follower of Loyola speak the truth? Think no more of me and my sister; we are but

poor peasants, and have nothing but our religion.

"I wish I had some religion myself," said Saint Denis, in a more serious tone. "I don't know whether you or our people are right; but I'll think of it some time"—here he stepped away, for Mancini approached, with two soldiers escorting a man whom Renee knew at once, for it was Jaspar Renaud. He had been taken in a sally the day before, and, when within a few paces of Renee, Mancini looked sternly at him and demanded, "Do you know that girl?"

"I do," said Jaspar, who kept his usual composure. "That is Renee Constant, the twin sister of our captain."

"Well, then," said Mancini, "go to your captain with this message from me. If he doesn't open the Angrogna passes before to-morrow at noon, I will burn his sister alive where she stands."

"My lord," said Renee, looking calmly up through the growing twilight, "may I also send a message?"

"Certainly, girl," said Mancini, for he built much on fear.

"Then, Jaspar Renaud, for the friendship that was among us in the Shepherd's-rest, tell my brother, from me, never to lose pass or valley, rock or river, on my account. Our enemies can only kill the body, and God will give me grace to die."

"Take care what you say, girl," cried the count, his brow growing black with rage; "ye shall be burned to-morrow, and," he added with a cruel expression, "the fire will be slow!" As the words passed from Mancini's lips there was a confused and tumultuous noise heard, and ere Mancini, in the growing darkness, could accurately distinguish his character, a deadly volley of musketry was poured across the spot where the party stood. Renee happily stood unharmed, but she saw Mancini fall, along with Saint Denis. The "some time" to think of religion, which the latter had spoken of, alas! never came to him. Soon was heard the old war-cry of the hills, and Renee then knew that the Vaudois were in the camp. Ere long the arms of her brother Victor were round her, and the rope was cut. On every side was slaughter and terror. But we will not dwell on the spectacle that met her eye; it is our wish to draw a veil over such scenes. The girl never knew how she escaped the flying balls and death-strokes; but the fight was short. Fallen on when they least expected it, the soldiers were utterly unprepared. Some fled up the hill-sides, some to the town; but none ever returned who took that direction. The Provençals, allied with the newly-raised Roman catholic forces, marched through the mountain defiles, gained the bottom of the valley, and fell upon Susa the moment the camp was attacked. By the time Victor, Renee, and Jaspar entered the town, in search of their three friends, it was completely taken. The peasantry were ransacking the jesuit college, the Provençals setting fire to the Inquisition, and Bazzano exerting himself to save the house of his grandmother, which had been fired.

"In mercy, save my life!" cried a familiar of the Inquisition, clinging to Victor's clothes as a fierce Provençal struck at him, "and I will show you the pastor Joseph. He is in the *oubliette*—nobody can get him out but me."

"Haste then," cried Victor, flinging the Provençal off. "Friends, for my sake, stay! help! Pastor Joseph is in some dungeon here." The old vaults and passages of the holy office never got such a ransacking, with torches and pickaxes; bars were broken, heavy doors dashed open. They had liberated eighteen prisoners before Victor came; but, under the familiar's conduct, the whole party burst into the dark damp vault, where poor Louisin sat with the pastor's head still upon her knees, just as Gueslin himself, lately liberated, reached the broken grate, after a terrible search in the marchioness's cellar.

"Raze it to the ground!" cried Robert, as they emerged. "Leave not one living man of all that served within it." His merciless followers made a general rush to fulfil the cruel order; but Renee saw him raise his hand quickly to his brow, as if struck by some of the shots now poured from the surrounding houses. The Provençal stood for a minute gazing at the work of destruction—then tried to follow their company—waved his hand to Louisin, who looked back, and fell heavily at the porch of the church. By his death the command devolved on Victor, but discipline there was none, except among the Vaudois. Victor did what he could to save life and property: but the rest of that night's history, how the house of the marchioness dowager was burned to the ground, how Victor saved that amiable lady, how Gueslin rescued his poor sister Eglantine, and how Bazzano was mortally wounded by one of the wood-carriers, from whom he endeavoured to take a box of jewels, cannot be related in full. Before these things were accomplished, the governess of the Inn of Virtue made her way through the confused streets with Claire Constant, whom she presented to Victor, with an earnest request that he would spare her poor house for the kindness they had shown his sister. The Provençals burned it, however, and all the poor Vaudois girls and children therein confined were brought safely to the Pra. For, long before midnight, Victor marched back to prevent a surprise, and next day Susa was evacuated on the proclamation of another truce.

Once more the mountain friends sat together in the grassy corner; but pastor Joseph was among them, and a German envoy from the Duke of Wurtemberg, who said, that for the sake of a dear friend loved in youth, to whom Joseph de Vallen-court had once preached peace when sore broken in spirit at Milan, he would give the Vaudois lands for corn, vines, homes and churches, on the plains of Nordhausen, far away in the Black Forest, if they would leave their valleys. The offer was noble, for the duke had sent money to bear their expenses, and ambassadors to secure their passage through intervening lands. But the people clung to their valleys. The sites of their old villages were there—the passes they had fought for—the graves of their kindred; and they hoped that peace would come again, for there were rumours of a dispute between France and Savoy.

"Friends!" said pastor Joseph, as they talked over the matter, "there will be no peace here for many an age. I know there will yet come times when men will cease to persecute, but they are far off; and my heart misgives me that we shall never again find quiet in the Shepherd's-rest."

"They have burned the cottages, cut down the chestnut trees, and razed the old tower to its foundations. There is nothing the same there but my mother's grave," said Gueslin.

"Let us go, friends!" cried Victor Constant. "We will have faith and freedom in the Black Forest, and wherever these are should be a Christian's country."

There was not one among them who did not agree to that proposal; even old Marietta begged to be taken with them; and poor Eglantine whispered, "Gueslin dear, one wouldn't be afraid to read the bible so far from the priests."

In the solitary plains of Nordhausen, almost in the centre of the Black Forest, there rose about the year 1756 a hamlet of timber cottages, in which the German peasants said "strange Christians dwell." There were cornfields there without a dividing fence, vines that flourished in spite of the cold winters, for they were slips from the Alps; and sheep grazed on the plain, tended by old Gaston and his son. One of the cottages too belonged to Gueslin Rosa, but Louisin Constant was its mistress: and there were two families called the Constants—one home belonging to Claude and Claire, and one to Victor and Renee, with whom lived pastor Joseph. Carlo and Phillibert had no chamois now to hunt, but they lived together in one cottage, the former having brought a helpmate with him from the valleys. Eglantine Rosa, however, did not long survive the tumultuous scenes through which she passed; but her renewed intercourse with her poor friends, and Gueslin's influence, had been the means of breaking the ties of superstition, never indeed very strong, under which she had before been bound. A message was once sent from the convent of St. Theresa, "where the marchioness dowager died in the odour of sanctity," that the castle and lands of Bazzano, for which seven claimants had fought during the war of the exiles, would be restored to the rightful heiress in case she came back; but she had answered that the wealth of this world was not worth exchanging for her religion. The years that passed so quietly over that distant hamlet brought many an old neighbour to join their community, as persecutions succeeded each other in the valleys. The rustic church came to be enlarged, graves multiplied in its cemetery, and hearths upon the plain. Pastor Joseph at times went far into the neighbouring forest, for he was still a missionary. In these missions, Claude again accompanied him, humbled by his former fall, and learning to distrust his own strength. In one of their latter journeys they brought back with them a poor wanderer, who had lived for years as a lonely wood-cutter, but still on the track of his people, and they knew him as Humbert Renaud. It is said that the descendants of that Vandois colony are still recognisable in the now populous plains of Nordhausen. There is a spot there still called the Shepherd's-rest, and a floating tradition concerning the Mountain Friends who became the first Refugees of the Black Forest.

Thus ends our little narrative: does the reader ask the lesson? *It is briefly this: Rome has ever persecuted; and, if we are infatuated enough to give her the power and the opportunity, will assuredly do so again.*

A PLEA FOR THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.

EVER since I was a boy—and that's long ago—I have heard of the sea serpent; and although it has been the fashion to ridicule the existence of the monster, I never met with anything worthy the name of candid argument in support of its non-existence. A few years since Captain M'Quhae, of her Majesty's ship "Dædalus," officially reported that an enormous sea serpent passed within pistol shot of that ship, and his statement afforded our great modern caricaturist an opportunity of enabling the world to laugh at a representation of sea serpents standing erect upon their tails, and picking sailors off the top-gallant yards of a line-of-battle ship; and people, as with one consent, voted the whole story to be, what Jack calls, "a yarn;" the possibility, much less the probability of its truth, was pooh-poohed; but as to argument, nobody seemed to think it necessary to advance any, to refute such an absurd fiction; except, indeed, that a number of letters were written to the newspapers, asserting that it must have been a seal, which had been mistaken for a sea serpent, because there is a class of seals which resemble the description given by the gallant captain; but it must be admitted that this was merely the opinion of persons who had not seen it, against the powerful evidence and deliberate judgment of ocular demonstration.*

It is well ascertained that in tropical climates, and particularly in India and South America, serpents of an enormous size exist; and, judging from those which have been actually seen, it is difficult to form an idea of the size to which they may attain in the deep recesses of wild and unexplored forests. I lately heard a person, whose veracity I could not doubt, state that he was shooting in the outskirts of a wild Brazilian wood, when, stopping to load his gun near to a ruined wall, which had once formed an inclosure, his attention was arrested by what appeared to be a large trunk of a tree, blackened as if it had been subjected to fire, leaning against the ruined wall, at about fifty yards from where he stood. Suddenly he saw the object move, and as it elongated, he perceived it was an enormous serpent, the half of which was on the side of the wall on which he stood, and the other half on the other side. Slowly it drew itself forward, until its whole length was stretched before him, when it glided into the thicket. He declared that he spoke within the mark when he estimated its length at forty feet, and its bulk as large round as his own body; nor is this length by any means improbable, for there is, or was, the skin of a boa in the British Museum thirty-five feet long.

Before concluding these brief observations upon land serpents, the writer may mention two well known allusions to these reptiles by ancient authors. Livy gives a relation of the alarm into which the Romans under Regulus were thrown by an enormous snake, which had its lair on the banks of the Niagradas, near Utica, and which is said to have devoured many of the soldiers, and when at length it was killed, its skin, which was sent to Rome, was 120 feet in length. Aristotle also writes

* It must be remembered, however, that this was also the opinion of that eminent physiologist, Professor Owen.—Ed.

of Libyan serpents so large that, after pursuing certain voyagers to that coast, they capsized one of the galleys.

Now, reasoning from analogy, may we not ask, why should not serpents inhabit the vast ocean, as large as those which it is admitted inhabit the vast forests of India and South America? We know that there are hydrophidae, or water-snakes, of the genera *hydrus*, *pelamys*, *chersydrus*, *acrochordus*, *pseudo-bon*, etc.; and we also know that the conger-eel attains a very large size, even when taken off the Channel Islands; and therefore, why should it not be possible, nay probable, that in the unfathomable depths of the mighty seas, there should exist serpents larger than ever entered into the mind of man to conceive?

It must be remembered that comparatively little is known of the inhabitants of the ocean; that although the Scriptures speak of "this great wide sea, wherein are *creeping* things innumerable, both small and great beasts," yet, that seamen often traverse the ocean for weeks, passing over thousands of miles, without seeing scarcely a sign of life upon its surface. It frequently happens, during a prolonged voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, that beyond flushing a covey of flying-fish occasionally, and seeing a few dolphins in chase of them, nothing is seen of the "*things innumerable*" which are described in God's word as dwelling in the sea; and if this be the case with them "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters"—if those whose eyes by day and night are employed in gazing on the mighty deep, see so little of its inhabitants—how aptly may the questions which were propounded to Job be now asked of the wisest of naturalists: "*Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?*"

Again, we must bear in mind that whatever is opposed to, or beyond our finite knowledge, is too often treated with ridicule. There is scarcely a discovery in the whole range of science, the author of which was not absolutely persecuted as an empiric; and so it has been, and still is, with discoveries in nature. How long the character of that great man, Bruce, was impugned, because he stated that he had seen steaks cut off the living bullock, and the animal afterwards driven on its journey! How commonly the fact of gathering oysters from the branches of trees is doubted, even when stated by those who have eaten them, and this, too, at a time when superstitious fables, such as Romish mock miracles, are believed by millions! It reminds one of the old story of the poor woman, questioning her son as to what he had seen in foreign lands, when he returned from his first long voyage. "Seen, mother!" exclaimed the lad, "why, mountains of sugar, rivers of rum, and fishes that fly!" "Come, come!" replied the dame, "mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, you may have seen, but fishes that fly! never, never."

It is now a familiar fact, that geologists have discovered fossil remains of former inhabitants of the land, which in point of magnitude reduce the largest of the present known living animals to mere pigmies; but before the fossil remains of the *iguodonon*, for example, were discovered, how absurd it appeared to talk of a reptile of the lizard tribe having existed, sixty or seventy feet in

length, and of such colossal dimensions as to require thigh bones larger than those of an elephant to support its bulky carcase; and yet such is the description published of this reptile by the late Dr. Mantell, and nobody disputes his accuracy.

Now, when we consider that all the inhabitants of the earth were destroyed at the flood (except those in the ark), and that, moreover, whole classes of animals have become extinct from various known natural causes, which natural causes and requirements do not apply, so far as we know, to the inhabitants of the seas, who can say that the descendants of monsters, which existed in the ocean before the flood (corresponding to antediluvian monsters on the earth), are not still existing there? and although the region which they inhabit may be uniformly the greatest depths of the ocean, yet individuals, from some physical or natural cause, may have been compelled to rise to the surface, and so become visible to human eyes.

But it may be objected, and with reason, that this is all speculative; that if the sceptics as to the existence of the sea-serpent come to their conclusions upon mere assertion, what has been advanced by us, thus far, is likewise mere surmise. Granted; but let us proceed a step further. It is often found that when man's wisdom is utterly at fault, the wisdom of God throws a ray of light upon a subject, which makes it clear as day. Turning to the prophecies of Amos, we find the following passage, describing the power of God, and showing the hopelessness of the impenitent escaping the search of his justice:—"Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down: and though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence; and though they be hid from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent, and he shall bite them."

Now this passage cannot, I contend, be considered as merely figurative. It is evident, I think, that just as the hiding-place on mount Carmel, which was to be searched out, described literally a place, and as the sword which, in a subsequent verse, it is declared should slay them in a strange land was also a literal expression, so the expression about the serpent meant that even though it were possible for them to seek concealment in the bottom of the sea, a terrible agent was there, ready to bite them, at the command of their offended God. It is noticeable also, that, like the "*leviathan*" in the book of Job, this serpent is mentioned in the singular number, implying that it must be a creature of unusual magnitude.

One more observation in conclusion. Many persons imagine that, because we have the very able works of Cuvier and other great naturalists, so elaborately classified, so beautifully minute, and, considering all things, so wonderfully accurate, therefore we have nothing to learn of natural history; but it is a singular fact that in the "*Critic*" of Aug. 16th, 1852, there is the following notice:—

EXTRAORDINARY, IF TRUE.—According to some Italian journals, a new organised being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an immediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular production of nature has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself along on the ground; instead of a head, it has a flower, shaped like a bell, which contains a viscous liquid.

Flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of the juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portion, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by aspiral openings. The vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame, filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it delicious food.

And if this be true, what does it prove? Why, that there are objects of a most singular, nay marvellous organisation, existing in such numbers as to form an article of food for a portion of the human family, which up to the year 1852 escaped the researches of the civilized world! How can any one, in the face of even the probability of such a fact

as this, venture to pronounce the existence of a Sea Serpent, of an astonishing size, to be a ridiculous fiction and impossibility?

*** We have inserted the above as a lively enough essay upon a subject that at all times is sure to command readers. As regards the author's reasoning, however, it is sufficient to say that no one has denied the possibility of there being some large serpents tenanted the depths of the ocean: all that is contended for is, that we have hitherto had no proper evidence of any animal of the kind having been seen, and the probabilities therefore are, that if it did exist, accurate traces of it would have been discovered ere this. As for the extract from the "Critic," it wants confirmation, which is enough to say of it; while, as regards the passage quoted from the prophet Amos, its language is sufficiently met by supposing that an ordinary water serpent is indicated. In the voyage of the "Samarang," the naturalist attached to that vessel states that at times he saw the waters in the Eastern Seas covered by such serpents.—EDIT.



ORIENTAL MARRIAGES.

THE marriage contracts of primitive times were singular for their simplicity and apparent freedom from sentiment. The negotiations carried on for the purpose of obtaining wives for Isaac, Samson, and Shechem are striking illustrations of this mode of procedure, traces of which may still be discovered.

Sometimes marriage compacts assumed a more mercenary aspect, and women were purchased to become wives. Thus Shechem said to the father and brethren of Dinah: "Let me find grace in your eyes, and what ye shall say unto me I will give. Ask me never so much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me; but give me the damsel to wife." Precisely the same course is still taken by the Arabs, who are never so happy as when they have many daughters, since they form part of the riches of the house. When, therefore, a young man is inclined to treat for one, he says to the father, "Will you give me your daughter for fifty sheep, for six camels, or for a dozen cows?" In like manner the young North American Indian brings the skins of the creatures he has slain in hunting, or any other articles which are deemed valuable, to the father of the woman he wishes to marry, and if he finds that the amount he offers is not considered sufficient, he adds to it until he finds he has turned the balance in his favour.

A prince or a king was accustomed usually to adopt a far more summary process; he declared his will, and it was immediately obeyed. Such was the case when

David desired to espouse Abigail: he sent his servants to demand her hand. This conduct corresponds with the manner in which oriental princes generally contract their matrimonial alliances. The celebrated traveller, Bruce, says: "The king of Abyssinia sends an officer to the house where the lady lives, who announces to her that it is the king's pleasure she should remove instantly to the palace. She then dresses herself in the best manner, and immediately obeys. Thenceforward he assigns to her an apartment in the palace, and gives her a house elsewhere, in any part she chooses."

The espousing, or betrothing, was a solemn and mutual promise of marriage, usually made when the parties were young, and the espoused female, therefore, continued with her parents for months or years before she was claimed by the bridegroom. Sometimes the young man said to his maiden, "Receive this piece of silver as a pledge that you shall become my spouse." At other times a document was prepared, recording the terms of the matrimonial compact.

The modern Jews generally consider eighteen to be the proper age for entering upon the marriage state. It is usual for the betrothal to take place some months or a year before the marriage, and until this act has been performed it is not deemed proper for the parties who purpose making such an engagement, to walk together in public. The betrothal takes place amidst much feasting and rejoicing, and the event is immediately made known among the respective connexions of the parties. After the espousals, the bridegroom

was permitted to visit his espoused wife in the house of her father, except eight days before the marriage, when neither of the parties left their own abode. Persons, however, of the same age visited the bridegroom, and made themselves merry in his company. In accordance with this practice, we read that the father of Samson went down unto the young woman of Timnath, and "made there a feast; for so used the young men to do. And it came to pass when they saw him, that they brought thirty companions to be with him." This custom agreed with that of all oriental countries; it was called by the Jews "the nuptial joy." No other feast was to be blended with it, and all labour ceased as long as it lasted. The companions thus introduced were denominated "the children of the bride-chamber," a fact which casts light on the words of our Lord: "Can the children of the bride-chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them?" To do so would be contrary to the universal practice. A singular ceremony was introduced by the rabbins to moderate the exultation that prevailed on such occasions, of which some instances are given in the Gemara. Thus Mar, the son of Rabbena, made wed-

of the Turkish court at the present day. At the entertainment given some years ago by the Grand Vizier to Lord Elgin and his suite, in the palace of the Seraglio, pelisses were given to all the guests.

The place for the performance of the marriage ceremony was usually a garden, or the open air. The bride was placed under a canopy, supported by four youths, and adorned with jewels according to the rank of the parties; while all the company raised the joyful acclamation, "Blessed be he that cometh!" After the benediction, the bride was conducted with great pomp to the house of her husband; this was usually done in the evening. In the Song of Solomon, the question is proposed: "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?" The reference in this instance is to the bride as she is conducted with great pomp to the bridegroom's home; on which occasion perfumes are profusely used. The bride's garments, indeed, smell of "myrrh, aloes, and cassia;" but it is also customary for virgins to meet and lead the procession, having pots filled with perfumes; while, sometimes, aromatics are burned in the



ding feasts for his son, and invited the rabbins; and when he saw that their mirth exceeded its bounds, he brought forth a glass cup, worth four hundred zuzims, and broke it before them, whereupon they became sad. "The reason which they assigned for this action," says Lightfoot, "is, because it is forbidden a man to fill his mouth with laughter in this world."

The parable of the "Wedding Garment" is founded on the fact that it was usual for persons to appear at marriage feasts in a sumptuous dress, generally adorned with florid embroidery. As it could not be expected that travellers pressed in, as they were described to be on this occasion, could be provided with one, there must have been, as there was undoubtedly in other instances of the kind, a wardrobe from which every one not duly provided might be amply supplied. Homer relates that Telemachus and the son of Nestor, arriving at Lacedæmon when Menelaus was making a marriage-feast for his son and daughter, were accommodated, after having been bathed and anointed,

"With shaggy mantles and resplendent vests."

Of this custom there are some traces in the festivities

of all the houses in the streets through which the procession has to pass.

In India, the bride and the bridegroom, seated in the same palanquin, accompanied by their kindred and friends, and attended by music, flambeaux, and women singing verses, proceed at night through the streets to their own house, where their domestics are waiting. The persons who hold the flambeaux in one hand, have in the other a copper bottle, which is full of oil, which they pour out from time to time on the flambeaux, which otherwise would give no light. This description naturally suggests the words of the Psalmist: "The king's daughter is all glorious within: her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needlework: the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee. With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the king's palace." It will be remembered that similar circumstances are introduced in the parable of the wise and foolish virgins.

The arrival of the bride at the house of her husband was followed by the marriage feast—a time of great mirth and hilarity, to which there are many allusions in the Scriptures.

A NIGHT IN TASMANIA.

ALMOST immediately under our feet, on the other side of the world, and only separated from the great continent of New Holland by a narrow strait, is a British settlement, that, with many claims to the attention of Englishmen, has hitherto excited but little of it, and which appears to be now entirely lost in the ruddy gleam of gold that, with increasing brightness, shines from its sister colonies.

Van Diemen's Land, or, to give the island its softer and more modern name, Tasmania, is the most southern land inhabited by Europeans. From Tasman's Head to the Antarctic pole stretches a dreary waste of ocean, in which adventurous voyagers have vainly sought for habitable land; finding only volcanic islands bedded in enormous ice-fields, their open craters rising in bleak sterility above the green continents of frozen water, and belching forth even here great masses of red-hot scoriae, streams of molten lava, columns of lurid flame, and clouds of black and heavy smoke. Sir James Ross describes the scene presented by this strange region of contrasted frost and fire as unequalled in its rugged desolation, and surpassing all conception in its gloomy grandeur and its terrible sublimity.

But Tasmania, the voyager's last resting-place before encountering these terrific solitudes, has little in common with them in scenery and appearance. The first view of the island is, indeed, unprepossessing, for its cliffs are high and rugged, and along its coasts are scattered numerous small islets, barren rocks rising in fantastic shapes from the green sea that boils around them, climbing their dark pinnacles in lines of snowy foam and glittering spray. But a nearer view dispels the idea of sterility, and conveys to the approaching stranger a more truthful notion of the fertile land that spreads in graceful undulations from the sea. As his vessel sails across Storm Bay, and, leaving the lofty lighthouse on Bruné Island to the right, enters D'Entrecasteaux Channel, passing the fatal Acteon rocks, a succession of magnificent scenery opens before him. On either hand rises a range of hills, clothed to the water's edge with noble trees; the shady foliage hiding the land, and spreading over every ridge, crowning the loftiest summits with its dark verdure. Recherché Bay, South Port, Port Espérance, and other minor harbours, form deep indentations on the western shore, and pierce the hills in long vistas of surpassing beauty, disclosing in the distance other tiers of wood-crowned eminences, stretching away in wavy lines that end abruptly in some lofty snow-capped mountain, or stoop with gentle declination to some inland plain. The long island of Bruné forms the right bank of the channel, commencing at its entrance in a bold headland, that rises precipitously from the ocean, and continuing in a chain of hills that sinks and contracts to a flat and narrow isthmus in the middle of the island, but appears again as we approach its northern extremity. Along its edge lie several small green islets, each one the property of some lonely farmer; and on the main island cleared farms appear at intervals, and flocks of sheep and fields of waving corn give evidence of settlements and proofs of human toil.

Turning again to the left, there appears a wide

bay forming the mouth of the river Huon, on the banks of which are several farms, though this part of the country is not thickly settled, the land being covered with heavy timber. At the entrance of the Huon is a singularly perforated rock, called Arch Island, standing like a solitary bridge, through which the waters race incessantly; its summit is covered with flocks of screaming gulls and solemn penguins, whilst high above it soars the pelican, stooping occasionally from his circling flight, and dropping with unerring aim upon the unsuspecting fish beneath him. A little higher, after passing Three-but-point, the channel narrows, and a line of buoys marks the existence of some hidden reef or sand-bank. Above the entrance of Long Bay, which stretches away to the right, lies Green Island, a little spot presented to a woman by the government, as a reward for her heroic conduct in defending the hut which she occupied upon it against the attack of a gang of armed bushrangers. Nearly opposite to it is Oyster Cove, lately the residence of the remnant of the aboriginal inhabitants of Tasmania, once the fiercest and most warlike tribe of the south.

Their continual aggressions on the settlers, the terrible outrages committed by them, and the equally savage retaliations of the whites, induced Sir George Arthur, at that time governor of the colony, to attempt the capture of the whole nation. The extraordinary talent and ability displayed by that gentleman in the general administration of his government has not sheltered him from the ridicule incurred by this impracticable scheme. He proposed to extend a line of men across the north end of the island, and, marching them towards the south, gradually drive the natives into a corner, where they might be surrounded and eventually made prisoners. Every man in the colony was called out, even including the convicts; and the force thus raised was divided into companies of ten, with a captain to each. Great preparations were made, and immense expense incurred; every precaution, indeed, was taken that the military experience of the governor and the many old officers in the colony could suggest, to ensure the success of the expedition. The settlers began to congratulate themselves on the probability of their getting rid of their vindictive and much-dreaded neighbours, and willingly offered their services to the government. But the mountain brought forth a mouse. After a month's marching through the bush, in an almost impassable country, over the tops of mountains, across rivers and deep gulleys, through forests rendered impervious by thick tangled undergrowth and matted jungle, the line of valorous heroes closed in upon the enemy, and discovered, to their astonishment and dismay, that they had succeeded in capturing and taking prisoner—one poor black fellow! The cunning of the savage had fairly outwitted the wisdom of the white man; and "Were you out in the line?" is still a standing joke against an old settler.

But that which the united force of the whole colony was unable to effect, one man successfully accomplished. A gentleman who was familiar with the habits and language of the natives of Tasmania volunteered to effect, unaided, the peaceable capture of every native in the colony. His offer was eagerly accepted by the government, and he

immediately commenced his mission. He soon succeeded in persuading a party of the black fellows to accompany him to town, where they were lodged for safe custody in gaol; and the number of prisoners was increased by every fresh expedition of the same individual, until the country was thoroughly cleared of its ancient occupants. An isolated building at the top of Elizabeth-street, in Hobart Town, was at first appropriated to their use, and here for a short time they were carefully guarded; but it was found necessary to remove them from the neighbourhood of the town, and they were ultimately conveyed to Flinder's Island, in Bass Straits, where a regular establishment was formed for their accommodation.

The poor children of the forest, though they pined at first in their island prison for that perfect freedom which in their own wild hills they had enjoyed, soon became accustomed to their position, and gradually adopted the costume and the habits of their warders, though still retaining many of their old barbarous customs. Happily, the island abounded in the game which they had been used to pursue in their own country, and this in some measure consoled them for their exile; and no doubt the opportunity of obtaining food without exertion would be in exact accordance with their taste for indolence. But their numbers rapidly decreased, and at length became so small, that it was thought unnecessary to keep up the expensive establishment on Flinder's Island, and the remnant of the tribe was removed to Oyster Cove.

A few more years will witness the extinction of the race, and then another, though a nameless nation, may be added to the long list of those that have been swept away by that great human wave, which, rising in one little island, has poured across earth's ocean-barriers, bearing on its crest the ripened fruits of centuries of toil and thought; prolific seeds, from which have sprung new saplings, striking their clinging roots deep in the virgin soil, and lifting their majestic heads towards heaven; whilst their wide branches spread across whole continents, and drop in distant islands new and living fruit, the germs of future and still greater nations.

But our ship is passing rapidly up the narrow channel, opening out on either side new bays and pretty inlets. Crossing the mouth of North-west Bay, we pass beneath Mount Lewis, a high hill, on which is a semaphore, one of a line of telegraphs erected between Hobart Town and Port Arthur, and which has already signalled to town notice of our arrival. We now round the northern extremity of Bruné Island, and enter the noble river Derwent, or rather the arm of the sea into which the Derwent falls at Hobart Town. In a few minutes we obtain the first view of the town, and a scene of extraordinary beauty spreads before us. The contracted channel appears to expand into a magnificent lake, the narrow outlet closing behind us, and the wider entrance by Storm Bay hidden for a moment by the intervening land. Close to us, starting abruptly from the shore, is a range of low hills, thickly wooded, gradually increasing in height as it extends inland, until, rising to the top of Mount Nelson, the chain links the great admiral's namesake to a huge frowning mountain, bearing the noble name of Wellington. Apparently

at the foot of Mount Wellington, though in reality four miles from it, stands the capital of the island, built on gently rising ground, at the head of a beautiful inlet of the river—Sullivan's Cove. The upper part of the town seems to creep into the forest, and to melt away among the trees; the hill on which it stands still rising above the houses, until it mingles with the distant ranges that sweep in majestic curves from the crest of the towering mountain. Pretty villas are seen nestling among the trees, and occasional gaps in the thick timber disclose green fields, relieving with their verdure the darker hues of the sombre forest.

In the cove are many ships at anchor, and alongside the wharfs others are discharging or receiving cargo. On a small green eminence at the extremity of a point of land that stretches from the town towards the sea is the battery; and from hence a line of large warehouses skirts the wharf, joined at right angles by a range of lofty stone-fronted buildings, facing directly down the river, and constituting the custom-house, post-office, etc. To the right of these, on a small hill, the slope of which has been cut away to form a wharf, stands the governor's house, hidden by a profusion of trees and shrubs. Beneath are the commissariat stores and other buildings, and beyond them the government domain terminates abruptly in a bare grassy point, past which the river, narrowed to half its previous width, flows gently on. From hence the eye, resting for a moment on Mount Direction, a very singular and precipitous hill, seen in the distance, looks again on new ranges of hills, rising above each other in tiers, all covered by the same evergreen mantle, or sweeping to the sea in deep cultivated valleys, that end in pretty bays embroidered round by narrow strips of pebbly beach.

As the ship drops her anchor in the clear waters of the cove, numerous boats crowd round her, offering their services to convey the passengers ashore. The stranger on landing is pleasantly disappointed at discovering that, after a voyage of nearly sixteen thousand miles, he has suddenly stepped into a pretty English country town, instead of the wild savage wilderness in which he half expected to be thrown. The wide macadamised streets, crossing each other at right angles, extend the whole length and breadth of the town; some of them continuing their course into the bush beyond it. The shops, with their plate-glass windows, and display of British manufactures; the English mode of dress, and happy home-made faces; the London-built carriages and brewers' drays; the staring placards, with great letters and many notes of admiration, announcing "tremendous sacrifices" and sales by auction; bills of amusement and missionary meetings—everything around him, speaks of home and English customs; and the occasional appearance of a verandah and a wooden house, or a glimpse of the distant hills, alone reminds him that he is a denizen of a new country, a wanderer in a strange land. Never was the oft-quoted saying of Count Strzelecki more fully verified: "Wherever the Englishman establishes himself, there does he reproduce his native country."

The climate of Tasmania, too, resembles in some measure that of England, though milder and more agreeable. It possesses all the beauties without

the drawbacks of that of Australia;—the same genial temperature and clear atmosphere, without the winter deluges of rain, or the long droughts and parching winds of summer. The hilly nature of the country supplies numerous streams of pure water, and the soil of the valleys and the hill-sides is most fertile and productive. Every English fruit flourishes vigorously; the orchards and gardens scarcely differ in their products from those at home; the settlers grow only such crops as are common in the old country, and many of the older Tasmanian farms would bear comparison with some of the best in England; though on the newer ones, the bare timber fences and unsightly blackened stumps of trees detract considerably from their beauty.

The spacious plains of Australia enable the colonists of that country to surpass the Tasmanians in wool-growing, though the hills of Van Diemen's Land afford pasture to thousands of sheep, and shelter for numerous herds of cattle; and in her breed of horses the island colony stands second only to England herself. Coal, freestone, and clay are plentiful, and timber adapted to ship and house-building is found in every part of the island; but it is on her agricultural capabilities that Tasmania chiefly rests her claim to notice, and from which she derives a title that has been happily bestowed upon her—"the granary of the South Seas."

With my recollections of the colony are associated an adventure in the wildest part of it; the remembrance of a night passed in a scene of which I still retain a most vivid impression. The story may not be uninteresting to the reader, and it will, perhaps, furnish a better idea of the unsettled districts of the country than any mere details could convey.

In the summer month of December, a few years ago, I had occasion, in company with an old bushman, to make an excursion to the Huon river, the communication between which and Hobart Town is usually by water, as the hilly and thickly-timbered tract that separates them has hitherto prevented the formation of any road, other than a faint track marked by the occasional passage of travellers. As the place that we wished to reach lay higher up the Huon than the point at which this track joins it, we intended, by the aid of a pocket-compass and the extensive experience of my companion in bush-travelling, to trace out a new route which would shorten the distance, and also carry us through a comparatively unexplored country. With this design we started from town fully equipped for our journey, which we expected to accomplish with ease in two days. As we anticipated, in the course of our journey, having occasion to kill some game, each carried a light fowling-piece and its accompaniments, with the usual requisites for bush comfort. These consisted of two good opossum-skin rugs—the most valuable article that a bushman can possess—strapped to our shoulders, and containing a small supply of provisions, together with a tin pot for making tea, and a reserve of powder and shot. Broad leathern belts confined the loose blue flannel-shirts that formed our upper garments, and light hats made from the leaves of the Australian cabbage palm shielded our heads from the rays of the sun.

Leaving the town, we were soon within the deep gorge that rises towards Mount Wellington, and at the entrance of which is situated the Cascades Factory, a large building in which are incarcerated the most incorrigible of the female convicts. From this point the mountain rises to a height of four thousand feet, its sides covered with trees, and the ascent continually broken by the intervention of deep chasms and ravines, their rugged walls hidden beneath a tangled mass of most luxuriant vegetation. A tolerably good path has been formed to the summit of the mountain, and several ladies have made the ascent, amongst whom may be especially mentioned Lady Franklin, who penetrated into many of the wildest recesses of the island during the governorship of her gallant husband, upon whose fate so dark a shadow rests. But our road lay to the left of the mountain, over hills thickly sprinkled with beautiful wattle-trees (*acacia*), covered with yellow flowers; and bushy honeysuckles (*banksia*), bearing pine-like cones; mingled with patches of forest or she-oaks (*casuarina*), trailing their long slender branches, from which droop weeping, threadlike tendrils instead of leaves. Beyond these hills rose a dark forest of huge gum-trees (*enealypsus*); and as the day declined, we entered a broad valley abounding with gigantic specimens of this great genus, the most common and yet the stateliest of all Australia's arboreous prodigies. Perhaps in no part of the world can this noble collection of forest giants be surpassed. One, that we roughly measured, was upwards of fifty feet in girth, and shot up, straight as an arrow, without a single break in the smooth tapering stem, to a height of more than a hundred feet. Here it threw out a number of huge branches, and then towered aloft, twisted and gnarled, covered with crooked boughs that cast a shade upon the topmost branches of tall trees; and fluttering with narrow leaves that turned their edges to the earth, and danced and trembled in the sunlight. The full altitude of this enormous tree must have been near three hundred feet, and many others grew around it of nearly equal dimensions.

Up from the valley, we went across another ridge of hills, and there we saw, trickling through the hollow, the little stream beside which we meant to pass the night. Here the scene had new attractions. It was the perfection of quiet beauty. The day had been hot and sultry, and through the long avenue of hills we saw the sun droop in the west, without a single cloud to catch the reflection of his fading glory; whilst, as he fell, there came stealing from the sea the cool refreshing night breeze. The evening was one of those I have seen in no other country—so still and gentle was it, and free from the thousand plagues that spring into life with the fiery sunset of the tropics. The stream by which we encamped was overhung by the graceful sassafras and sombre lightwood; and numerous flowering shrubs fringed its green banks, spreading among the slender tea-trees that stood in groups, linked to each other by climbing plants, from which hung many crimson tassels and yellow bell-shaped flowers. Beyond stood the solitary native cherry-tree, its thick dark foliage drooping in stringy clusters from the pendulous branches, and deepened almost to black in the increasing gloom. All around, too, the stunted fern-trees

threw out their majestic crowns of long feathery leaves, and stretched away into the forest until lost in the dense brushwood. From the midst of this towered the blue and yellow gums, the stringy-bark, and other varieties of the encalypti, their gigantic stems blackened by the bush fires, save where the new bark, bursting through in blended streaks of blue and white, gave to the old forest kings a ghostly likeness, heightened by the mournful waving of the long dark strips that are ever peeling from their trunks; for they follow the fashion of the country, where nature stands upon her head, and shed their bark instead of leaves.

Such was the beautiful scene around us. Little did we think of the peril to which in a few hours our lives were to be exposed; but this incident, and our providential deliverance from danger, must be reserved for our next paper.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AT CHURCH.

THE following interesting description of the Duke of Wellington's attendance at church was written by the Rev. Thresham Gregg, of Dublin, and is copied from the *Constitution and Church Sentinel*, of that city.

"I agreed with a friend to go to early service (at 8 o'clock A. M.) at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, on a Sunday morning in February. The fact that the Duke of Wellington habitually attended there was the subordinate inducement; for assuredly, in going to the court of the great King, the Lord of the whole earth, to worship and adore Him must be a motive paramount to every other. I had never seen the Duke, and I felt that I should have to sustain a feeling of self-reproach if, with the opportunity of seeing him within my reach, I allowed the greatest captain of this age, perhaps of any age, to leave the world unseen of me. It was a bleak morning—there had been a heavy fall of snow. Our way to the chapel lay through St. James's Park. We did not meet a single person. The stillness of London on the earliest hours of Sundays has often struck me. The state of the weather made this stillness seem greater than usual on this morning, and raised a suspicion in our minds that, in so far as our visit to the chapel involved the hope of our seeing the Duke, it would be attended with disappointment.

"Arrived there, however, and, with the usual preliminaries, admitted within, we found a singularly interesting congregation. The Chapel Royal is remarkable for a large attendance of the aristocracy, and we saw before us a congregation of rank, fashion, fame, power, worth, and wisdom such as is rarely witnessed. In a word, the congregation consisted in one single person—the Duke alone! Bleak as was the morning, there he was, laden with more of earth's honours, dignities, and renown, than any living man, and with but one stain upon his character, intently occupied with the worship of his God, and all alone with the clergyman. Thoughts came flowing in upon us from all quarters—Waterloo, Vittoria, Salamanca; clashing thousands, the wounded, the dying; the silent camp, 'the imminent deadly breach'; glorious victories, admiring millions, applauding senates, grate-

ful princes, gorgeous courts—all, in fact, that is viewed as great and glorious in this lower world, with the one exception, as so related to the great personage before us, that they, in our minds, connected themselves with him, and were, by his presence on this occasion, forced before our imagination, and, as it were, seen realized. Here was the giant spirit which had been raised to sit upon the whirlwind and rule the storm; which had, instrumentally, for years decided the fortunes of nations, and peoples, and kindreds, and tongues, and received more of the incense of human gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise than had perhaps ever before been awarded to a mortal. Nor did there fail to mingle with the retrospect, thrones overturned, dynasties swept away, hopes which towered to heaven flung into perdition, curses both loud and deep.

"On our entrance the psalms of the day were being read. The Duke took alternate verses with the clergyman. He spoke with an utterance that was thick and indistinct, and occasionally stammered a little ere he got out a word, but still his voice filled the chapel. The Duke was as painstaking in the performance of his duty as ever parish clerk was, and much more so than many of the fraternity whom I have happened with. The rubric was punctiliously observed. At the creed he turned to the communion table, repeated the words distinctly and aloud; and all through impressed the spectator with the idea that he was intently engaged in the fulfilment of an important business of his own. The emphasis in the Litany was strong and marked, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.' And at the commandments, 'Incline our hearts to keep this law,' was thus repeated on each occasion. The lessons for the morning were Genesis ix. and Mark xiv. The sermon was remarkable, on Exodus, chapter xxiii. and 2nd verse. It briefly but strongly showed the dangers connected with too great a subserviency to the popular voice, and of course, without any intention on the part of the writer and preacher, dealt some strokes which the Duke must have felt; for here, as all through, the attention which he paid was exemplary.

"With respect to the personal appearance of the Duke generally, it was much more robustious than the portraits would lead one to suppose. The popular idea is, that his Grace is a little and delicate old man, whose frame wears an appearance of great frugality. Not at all—quite the contrary. He never would be remarked as 'a little man,' and has not the slightest appearance of delicacy. In fact, both face and person realize the 'Iron Duke.' The former is remarkable for a deep tan, which would bespeak habitual exposure to the sun and tropical climes; the latter for a particularly strong build; shoulders broad, the calf of the leg full. The knee and the body straight and erect, but the head much stooped. The gait can only be described, so as to make the reader understand it, as a toddle—something like (saving the reader's favour) that of a little tipsy—from side to side. He wore a blue frock coat and cross-barred trousers. The boots rather loose, and evidently of long standing; indeed all the clothes, without being shabby, had seen some service. The stock was white cambric, with a tie in front, but buckled behind with a

large steel, military-looking buckle, which from the stoop in the head was very conspicuous. He wore also a gold apparatus for the improvement of the hearing, which, taken in connection with the buckle of his stock, gave to his upper man a very metallic tone, as though he were in some sort an artificial man, made up of and supported by a combination of metals. We followed him at a respectful distance, as he walked to his cab, which, with his servant in it, awaited his arrival. He got in without assistance, and was driven away."

BIRMINGHAM AND HER MANUFACTURES.

VII.—ELECTROTYPE PROCESSES.

WE are now standing in the splendid galleries which constitute the show-rooms of the Messrs. Elkington and Mason, in Newhall-street. They are of ample extent, and furnished with such a brilliant array of beautiful and gorgeous productions as renders any attempt at description of necessity a failure. The surpassing merit of some of their designs is already familiar to the visitors of the Great Exhibition, who will remember the large vase representing the triumph of Science and Industry, and which is appropriately adorned with the statuettes of Newton, Watt, Shakspeare, and Bacon. This unique production is now before us; and around us on all sides are numberless specimens of everything that can be wrought in silver and gold, from the rich épergnes and costly table-services of the aristocracy, down to a plain salt-spoon or knife-rest, and all so accurately and exquisitely finished by the electrotype process as to be utterly undistinguishable from the workmanship of the silversmith and jeweller. In addition to works of this description, there are also massive bronze statues and groups of figures, the details of which it may be seen, on close inspection, are made out with the greatest exactness, although there is no trace of the tool of the sculptor. Many of these are grand in design; some are reproductions of the works of the Greek sculptors—others of modern masters. Not the least interesting to us are a numerous collection of articles in bronze, combining artistic talent with domestic usefulness, such as inkstands disguised as fruit, rustic figures and animals, which may serve the double purpose of paper-weights and chimney-ornaments, charming little busts of celebrated men, etc. etc. Again, we have the whole stock of the jeweller's shop so far as it is worn on the person—ladies' neck-chains, gentlemen's watch-guards, breguet chains, bracelets, brooches, necklaces—everything, in short, with which the goldsmith in Cheapside allures the taste or assails the vanity of the weaker, and, for the matter of that, of the stronger sex too. All these beautiful things around us are manufactured—so far, that is, as relates to all we can see of them, which is but their outer surfaces—by the agency of electricity. We must endeavour, as we walk through the factory, to render the process intelligible.

The reader is doubtless aware that the mode of manufacturing plated goods, as practised at Sheffield and elsewhere, is by spreading plates of silver upon one or both sides of plates of copper or brass, and then moulding or working the plates thus

combined into the forms of the articles desired—afterwards coating the edges with solid silver. In the electro process, on the contrary, the article, whatever it may be, is finished to the required shape, with all its ornaments, however profuse, and when complete in form, is silvered or gilt by the scientific application of electricity.

The art of electrotyping owes its origin to the accidental discovery of certain natural phenomena. It was found by an experimenter, who, in making trial of Daniell's constant battery, had used as one of the liquids a solution of sulphate of copper, that the electric current decomposed the sulphate, and that the copper was deposited in a thin metallic film upon the inner surface of the vessel. This discovery naturally made a considerable noise at the time, and thoughtful heads soon set to work to turn it to a useful and therefore profitable purpose. It was found that the copper deposit brought away a perfect impression of the surface to which it was attached, and that it could be made by very simple means to attach itself to anything. This led to the multiplication of copper plates, and a consequent reduction in the price of copper-plate engravings, as any number could be struck off from electrotyped plates, and the expense of re-engraving, when one plate was worn out, was thus saved. It led also to a new style of engraving, known as Palmer's process, by which raised copper plates could be used, instead of wood-engravings, in the common printing-press. It has been applied to various other mechanical and artistic purposes, among others to the copying of Daguerreotype pictures; but in no other branch of arts or manufacture has it been so extensively available as in the fabrication of plated goods, an art which, as far as execution is concerned, it has exalted to the level of that of the silversmith and jeweller. Let us now take a brief survey of the various operations going on in the workshops of this establishment.

The great majority of the articles here manufactured are first fashioned from plates of the pure white metal known as German silver, rolled in the mill to the required thinness. Many of them, consisting of vessels for domestic use, such as tea and coffee-pots, are partly formed by hand labour, the part which forms the vessel being cut from a flat plate of metal, which is soldered together at the sides. The metal having been softened by annealing in a furnace, the article is handed over to a workman, who, with a hammer of hard wood or horn, forcibly beats and bangs it into the proper shape; by means of continued thumping he can impart considerable rotundity to a plain cylinder, the malleable metal taking any shape, though not very readily, that he may choose to give to it. It is in this manner that the graceful forms of tea-pots are modelled in great variety, from the swelling cone-shaped pyramids to the flatly-compressed globes. Nothing more than the bare trunk of a vessel, however, can be thus formed. The spout, the handle, the ornaments, the bottom, the cover, etc., have all to be struck in dies, the expense of which, where such a variety of exquisite patterns are wrought, must make prodigious demands upon capital. Dies too, some of them of astonishing size, are necessary in the formation of the various pieces of a dinner-service, such as plates, tureens,

salvers, etc. They are cut by a slow and laborious process, in heavy masses of steel, hardened to such a temper as to stand without injury the most violent usage. The manner of using them is as follows: the die from which an impression is to be taken is firmly fastened by means of four lateral screws to the centre of a solid bed, above which rises an engine not unlike the guillotine in shape and construction; it consists of two iron pillars, grooved down the centres of each, between which a heavy weight is made to slide up and down with unerring precision. The metal to receive the impression is placed upon the die; the descending weight, being armed with a piece of soft lead, is then raised by the action of the foot upon a stirrup, and suffered to fall, with a force depending upon the height to which it was raised, upon the surface of the die. If the die be very shallow, and the metal to be impressed very thin and pliable, one or two blows are sufficient for the purpose. We have now before us a handsome wreath of foliage, the impression of which is perfect, which we saw struck upon brass extremely thin, at one blow. But if the metal be of the average thickness of the articles manufactured, the blow must be repeated many times; and if the die be deeply cut the weight must be armed with a corresponding punch formed to fit the hollow of the die. Further, any attempt to force the plate into a deep die at one blow would fracture the metal and render it useless. Much management is required in this process, which must be wrought gradually: the first two or three blows are comparatively light, and for them the weight is armed with a punch or "force" of soft lead; as the metal sinks deeper into the die, the "force" is changed for one of harder material, until the last and finishing strokes are given with the full power of the engine and with a punch or "force" of iron. This is not all; the repeated heavy blows harden the metal to such a degree that it is no longer malleable, and to obviate this it has to be annealed, it may be, several times during the process of stamping. The Messrs. Elkington have a large apparatus worked by steam for stamping articles of a great size.

Supposing the several parts of an ornamental article to be modelled and stamped, they have now to be soldered together. By means of jets of gas, and blow-pipes inflated by the steam-engine, a kind of solder much harder than that in general use, and not readily fusible, is here employed. By this means the spouts, handles, hinges, etc. of the different articles are firmly united, the hollows beneath the raised surfaces of the ornamental portions being filled up with fused metal. The articles, now complete in form, are next taken to the polishing-room, where, by rotten-stone applied by brushes rapidly revolving at the ends of small spindles, they are brought to a surface perfectly smooth. Such of them as require to be engraved are now made over to the engravers, whom we see, with the usual implements, transferring elegant patterns to their surfaces. We may now consider the articles ready for the plating-room.

The first thing that claims attention on entering the plating-room is the stupendous magnetic-electro machine, which, in the form of a huge wheel, stands close to the entrance. This is a contrivance for producing electricity by the aid of magnets, no

less than sixty-four of which, each of some three feet in length, are so arranged as to present their poles within a short distance of a wheel spinning round at the rate of six hundred revolutions in a minute. The force of the electric current is in some sort indicated to the spectator by the rapid succession of vari-coloured sparks passing continually from the armature of the engine to the twisted strand of conducting wires, one end of which is immersed in the silvering trough or vat, which occupies the centre of the room. The force of this machine is said to be sufficient to deposit fifty ounces of silver in an hour; the silver is supplied by plates of the metal sunk at the bottom of the trough. As a substitute for the ordinary galvanic battery, the power of which requires to be continually renewed, this machine has been found entirely successful, it having continued for many months in operation without any material variation in power. We observe, however, that the process of silvering by the galvanic battery is going on in the same room in smaller vats. When the articles to be silvered are brought into this room, all that has to be done is to suspend them, so that they shall hang clear of the bottom and not touch each other, in one or other of the numerous vats where, under electric agency, the deposition of silver is going on. They have to remain there a certain length of time, proportioned to the thickness of the silver covering required: they may be either coated with a thin film or solidly encased in a suit of silver armour. One great advantage of this process is, that articles to be silvered may be first engraved, the deposition of silver going on with such unvarying thickness in every part, that the finest lines of the engraving tool, and even the characteristic marks of the engraver, are exactly reproduced upon the silver surface. Any attempt to silver a surface finely engraved by any other means would infallibly deface or choke up the work of the artist. The operation of gilding is performed in precisely the same manner—though we witnessed a sort of legerdemain feat in this department of the works, the operator gilding the bowl of a spoon in less than two seconds by simply immersing it in a brown-coloured liquid.

On emerging from the silvering vats, the articles are washed and dried, and conveyed to the polishing-rooms, to be polished and burnished. The polishing is performed in various ways. Flat surfaces are hammered upon a glossy anvil by a heavy hammer, and finally polished by rubbing with the palm of the hand. Hollowed surfaces are subjected to the action of felt or leather rubbers, revolving rapidly in a kind of lathe. The parts to be burnished are rubbed to a dazzling lustre by burnishing tools of polished steel. After this, such fittings, as handles of crystal or ivory, as may be wanted are added, and a final colouring by the application of plate-powder qualifies them for the show-room or the market.

We must add one word explanatory of the manufacture of bronze figures by electrotype. To produce such a figure a model must first be formed; from this a mould is taken, the interior of which is rendered, by a slight coating of black-lead, or other means, susceptible of the deposit; it is then put into a vat containing a solution of copper, and the deposition commences. The solidity

of the figure will of course depend upon the time it remains in the vat; and supposing it to remain a sufficient time, with an adequate supply of the sulphate of copper, it may become a solid mass, as effectually as if filled with metal at the foundry.

FUN-LOVING ANIMALS.

An interesting work on the "Passions of Animals" has the following concerning their fun-loving propensities:—

Small birds chase each other about in play; but perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad bird on account of these singularities. The crane expands its wings, runs round in circles, leaps, and throwing little stones and pieces of wood in the air, endeavours to catch them again, and pretends to avoid them, as if afraid. Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other and cleave the surface of the water, with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing an abundant spray around. Deer often engage in a sham battle, or a trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals that pretend violence in their play stop short of exercising it: the dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him and makes feint of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewn by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward, ready for the spring, the body quivering, and the tail vibrating with emotion. They bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances, like kittens. Young lambs collect together on little hillocks and eminences in their pastures, racing and sporting with each other in the most interesting manner. Birds of the pie kind are the analogues of monkeys, full of mischief, play, and mimicry. There is a story told of a tame magpie that was seen busily engaged in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and studied air burying them in a hole about eighteen inches deep, made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "curraek" triumphantly, and set out for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in this hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

COATING IRON WITH COPPER.—A patent has been granted to Theodore G. Bucklin, of Troy, New York, for a new and improved mode of coating iron with copper, which promises to be an invention of no small importance to the arts. A method of covering iron with brass, copper, etc., has long been known; but to cover it, and make the copper unite with the iron, like tinned iron, has hitherto been considered problematical. The invention of Mr. Bucklin promises to fulfil every condition desired in making coppered iron. Cast, malleable, and wrought iron can be coated with copper by the new process. The process consists

in first removing the oxide from the iron to be coated, then covering it with a medium metal, which has a great affinity for the iron, and afterwards dipping the iron so prepared into molten copper, which, by the galvanic action of the medium metal, makes the copper intimately combine with the iron, and form a complete coating. The oxide is removed from iron by means of dilute sulphuric acid, in which the castings or sheets are rubbed with sand; after this they are washed and dipped into a solution of the muriate of ammonia, dissolved in a suitable vessel, when they are ready for the next process. This consists in dipping the sheets or plates into molten zinc, immediately after they are lifted out of the sal-ammoniac solution. The surface of the molten zinc should be covered with dry sal-ammoniac, to prevent the evaporation of the metal. The iron is soon covered with a coating of zinc, and forms what is termed galvanized iron. At hand the operator has a crucible or pot, containing melted copper, covered with some incombustible substance, as a wiper, and he at once dips the zinced iron into this, in which it is kept until it ceases to hiss, when it is taken out, and found to be covered with a complete and durable coating of copper. By dipping the iron thus coppered into the solution of sal-ammoniac, then into the zinc, and the copper—repeating the process—coat upon coat of the copper will be obtained, until it acquires any degree of thickness.

STOP AND THINK!

Stop, thou thoughtless, reckless man,
Trifling out life's little span,
God and heaven of you demand,

Stop and think!

Heaven above, and hell below,
Pleasure, pain, and joy, and woe,
Repeat the words in accents slow,

Stop and think!

Life's no time for idle dreams,
Life was lent for loftier aims,
Lend your mind to nobler themes,

Stop and think!

Life calls for thought of sternest hue,
Calls for thought and calls to you,
To your soul's best good be true;

Stop and think!

Live not on without an aim,
Living thus you live in vain—
Do not thus God's love disclaim;

Stop and think!

Think how short life's fleeting day,
Think, O think, while now you may,
Death soon will hurry you away;

Stop and think!

Think what work you have to do,
Think what Christ has done for you,
Lo! your Saviour calls anew,

Stop and think!

Else when life has pass'd away,
And you have wasted its brief day,
Nought but this your grief will stay,
You would not think!

Or when time with you is o'er,
And you have reach'd that distant shore
Whence mortal shall return no more,
Thought will be in vain

But if now you think aright,
Soon you'll reach those realms of light,
Clouded ne'er by death or night,
Where thought is joy.